

Christ, whose glory fills the skies

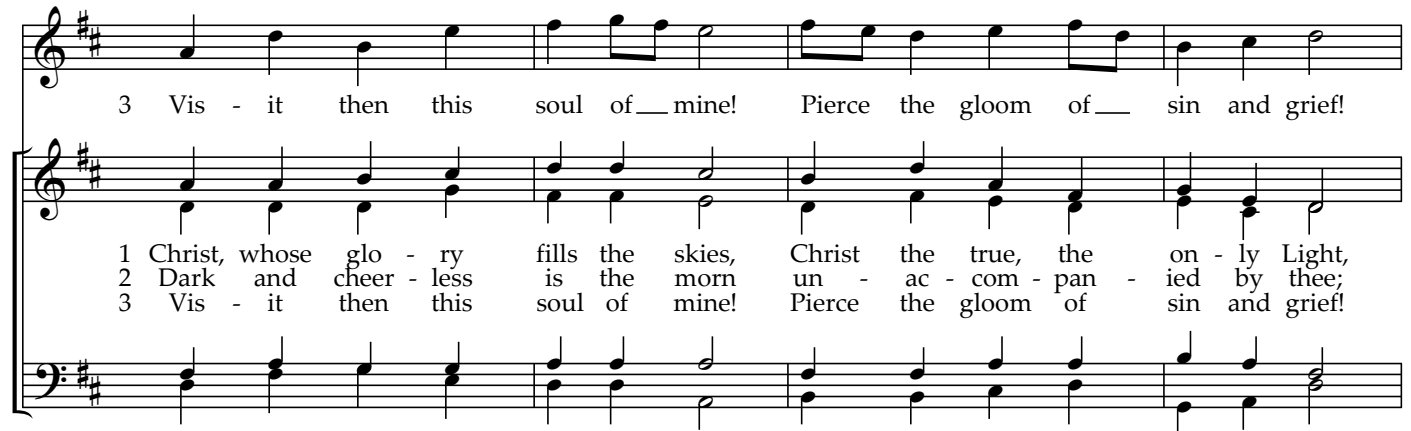
Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Tune: Ratisbon 77. 77. 77

harm. William Henry Havergal (1793-1870)

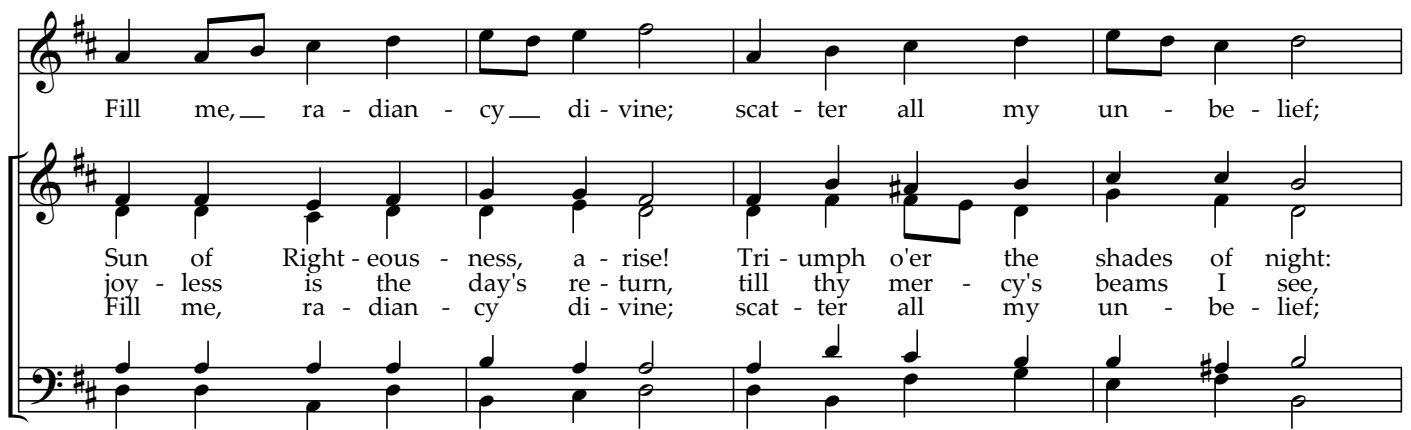
Descant by Charles H. Giffen

Descant



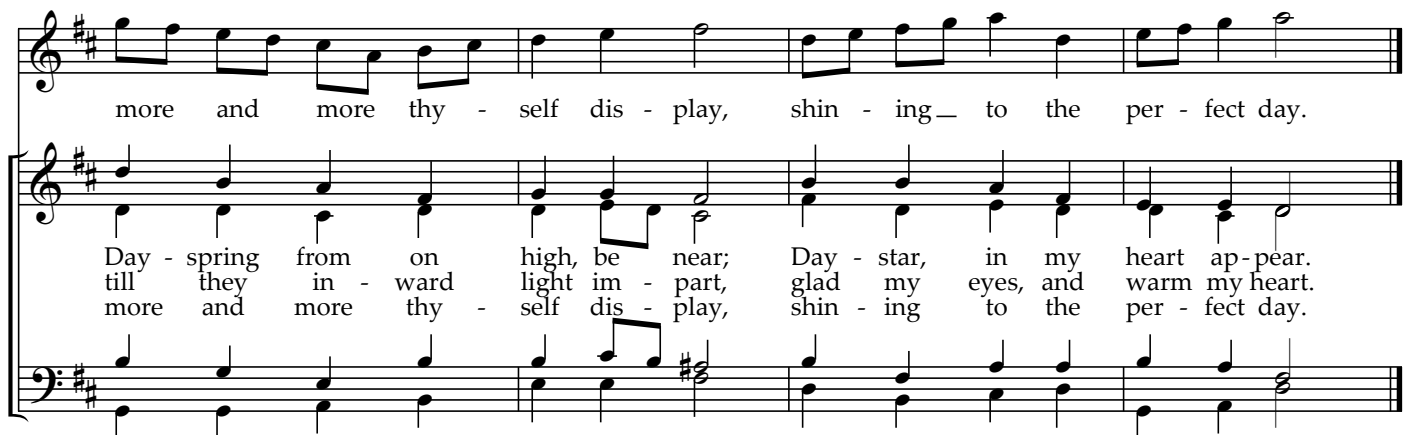
3 Vis - it then this soul of__ mine! Pierce the gloom of__ sin and grief!

1 Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ the true, the on - ly Light,
2 Dark and cheer - less is the morn un - ac - com - pan - ied by thee;
3 Vis - it then this soul of mine! Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!



Fill me,__ ra - dian - cy__ di - vine; scat - ter all my un - be - lief;

Sun of Right - eous - ness, a - rise! Tri - umph o'er the shades of night:
joy - less is the day's re - turn, till thy mer - cy's beams I see;
Fill me, ra - dian - cy di - vine; scat - ter all my un - be - lief;



more and more thy - self dis - play, shin - ing__ to the per - fect day.

Day - spring from on high, be near; Day - star, in my heart ap - pear.
till they in - ward light im - part, glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
more and more thy - self dis - play, shin - ing to the per - fect day.